

THE  
LADIES LOSSE  
AT THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
FIVE HOURS:  
OR, THE  
Shifting of the Vaile.



Printed in the year 1668.

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*S. de Mayo et al.*

# BLADEN'S GALLANT

## SCHOOLMASTER

### The Ladies Loss, &c.

**Y**E Females that Do at Adventures  
 For hours five (or less, as't Enters)  
 And sometimes chance to shift the Vails,  
 Not onely of the Head, but Taile;  
 Come listen, for it may concern ye,  
 How *Mulier formosa Superne*  
*Definit.* In Janivere,  
 Where some were not, though many were  
 All in the Fields of Lincolns Inn,  
 The Folk beginning to Begin,  
 For Poer (hight the Lord knows what)  
 Had made a Play of this and that ;  
 Whereto resorted grave and fickle  
 As Saints did erst to Conventicle :  
 Some dressing Heads instead of Vails,  
 With Periwiggs ; and some the Tails,  
 As it appear'd ; by foul mischance,  
 When *Lady* trim'd ith' *Mode of France*,  
 Drop'd Utensils from 'twixt her legs,  
 (No matter whether Malls or Peggs)  
 A pretty kind of fashion, that -  
 For Girles to Perilg a Twat !  
 'T is sign (perhaps) it keeps good orders,  
 When tis confin'd within the Borders.

A 2

Now

How came the *custom* with the pocks,  
 Puts *Member Privy* under locks,  
 And nat *Italian*? What *mishap*  
 Occasion could this *After-clap*?  
 Was it, O *Mother Gibbs*, thy care  
 To fit the *Lady* to a hair,  
 And fasten *Ware* upon thy word,  
 That leaves her *Ware* like *Tayle of Bird*;  
 To every *Stage-wright* made a scoff,  
 Like *Coot*, with *Pernicious* stripe off,  
 'Twixt *Madams Legs* (as sung the *Poet*).  
 But 'twas so lately done, all know it,

But do not (*Muse*) thus fondly raile  
 On the nice-*Trimmer* of the *Taile*;  
 Perhaps her *Art* was not in *fault*,  
 Securing every slight *assault*;  
 Presuming, *Wight*, would come to *hand*,  
 Like a *Dutch Cow*, or *Wench* well *man'd*,  
 And not endanger (as it chances)  
 Both *Member* and *Appartenances*,  
 To the rude *hands* of *Blade* so rough,  
 That mistakes *Merkin* for a *Muff*,  
 And carries all off with a *vengeance*,  
 Then *rubs away* (as erst did *St. Johns*)  
 And never *minds* for to *restore*,  
 Or leave behind, what's *lost before*.  
 Oh *Varlet* vile! who with fierce *handing*,  
 Hast done more *mischief* (*notwithstanding*),  
 Then *Wallace* with his *Teal* so *stayward*,  
 Can make amends for, though like *Bayard*.  
 He ne're so *fisly* could stand to t,  
 This gain that *loss* could ne're recruit:  
 For (as an *Author* sayes) her *Monsieur*  
 Coming that night with thoughts to *trounce* her,  
 And finding his *Tatterdemalion*  
 As bold as *Huswife* clip'd *Italian*,

Who

Who in her *Infancy* with *unction*,  
 Is so *un-hair'd* for future *function*,  
 That after *Oyles* and *Labours* expence,  
 A *Barber* there shall ne're earn *six pence*.  
 He thus rebuk't her, ---Be gar *Madam*,  
 Me think your *Ladyship* have had *ums* :  
 The case is alter'd since I fountred ;  
 Your *Cunny* is not well accoutryed :  
 Undress'd below the *Busk* you be,  
 Some honest *Lead* from *Muscovy*  
 Will you present with *fur* of *Rat*  
 To furnish out your *Twit-cum-trats* ;  
 A *Pox* upon this *filthy Paltry*  
*Commodity*, that snodes like *Palfrey* :  
 And though at first he was full fervent,  
 Kiss'd hand, and cry'd, *Your humble Servant* :  
 And *Lady* sad for *work* oth' day,  
 Did lose her *Night-work* as they say.

So fared it with *Absolon*,  
 Who found a *Beard*, expecting *wort*.  
 When *Gossip* ( to his great amazement )  
 Turn'd *Tayle* for *Smeller*, out of *Caxment*,  
*Womanaging* so cleaverly,  
 That *Nab* kist *Tout* full *savorly*,  
 And started back, like *Horse* eryes *Wy-hee*.  
 At Female-*Beard*, to hear her *Ty-hee*.

But let's return, (what e're it cost )  
 In quest of what our *Lady loft* :  
 Some call it *one thing*, some *another* :  
 But, while the *Learned* make a *potsher*,  
 And, in sundry *Disputes* are,  
 Wee'l term it *Muff* for *Lady-ware* ;  
 Though it be neither *Budge* nor *Mimiver*,  
 Worn in the *days* of good Queen *Guinever* :  
 The *Sisterhood* in *Bloomsbury*,  
 Have other name to call it by ;

But

(6)

But hold not fit that every *Lunges*  
 Should understand it, more then *Sponges*,  
 Which for a special *Friend*, or so,  
 They will produce ; but if not, no.

Had this befall in time oth' *Rump*,  
 'Thad struck them into such a *dump*,  
 That (Stage-men all) who ever gav't ye,  
 Before *Committee-men* of *Safety*  
 Had been led *captive*, where he should  
 Shew whence it came, and whither 't would :  
 For they would soon have spent their *Verdict*,  
 And made a *Law*, none should interdict.  
 (If Harry Martins lucky wit  
 Had not by chance discover'd it.)  
 First, to secure all that were  
 Confederates with this *Enginere*,  
 Who (as presum'd) had found a *trick*  
 To Beard the *Body-Politick* :  
 Next that a *Privy-search* be made  
 Throughout the *City*, though the *Trade*  
 Seem rather *Forreign* then *Domestick*,  
 (As being *intricate* and *mystick* :  
 Besides, the *Hogow*, or the *stench*  
 Was (some say) *Spanish*, some say *French*)  
 Last, that the *Author* should be sent  
 To suffer condign punishment.

A *Presbyter* ( for sometimes they  
 Will shuffle in to see a Play)  
 Listning with *open mouth*, as *wide*  
 As are in length of's *Ears* ; the *Hide*  
 By chance espy'd in *clutch* of *Player*  
 (Who much admir'd the twirle oth' hair)  
 This pretty *Muff* for *Lady-ware* ;  
 Who, as he nicely did it *handle*,  
 Upheaving *Spectacle* to candle,

Quoth

(7)

Quoth he, This is some *Popish shred*,  
Or *shaving* of some *Fryer's head*;  
A piece of *Nuns work*, fastned on  
The *English Whore of Babylon*,  
Sent hither by the *Lord knows whom*,  
No more then does the *Pope of Rome*.  
An invention, 'twill move your laughter,  
For us to run a whoring after.  
So down he threw't, and fled from thence,  
And troth I have not seen him since;  
And (sooth to sayn) as matters go,  
I care not wh're I do or no.  
But *Lady gay*, who *dropp'd* the *Muff*,  
It seems did know him well enough,  
And having (as she thought) a *claw*  
Against this *Gospel-Wright at Law*,  
As having seen *Commodity*,  
Last in his hands ( though odd it be )  
Unto her *Lawyer* did complain,  
Who told her that her *case* was *plain*,  
And *Wright* should render, or hee'd make him,  
And where she found her *goods*, to take 'em.  
But *Presbyter* having good witnes,  
That *Stager's wife* had try'd its *fitness*,  
After it was from his hands given,  
( Intending with her to be even )  
Remov'd the *carse* with *certiorari*,  
Where (as I hear) 'tis like to tarry.  
But one thinks 'twould have done as well,  
By petty *Herald* with a *Bell*?  
O yes!

If any one of what account  
Soever in the Town or Count-  
ry, Have ta'ne up an *Instrument*  
Which *Women* use for *Ornament*

To

To set forth *Member* that is private  
 (As the *main thing* that people drive at)  
 Wherewith being *drest*, the naked *Fubs*  
 Looks not unlike the *Aes of Clubs*,  
 Or as the *Song* sayes that is told  
 By *Fidler* touching *Marygold*,  
 Which if it chance to *slip*, or so,  
 When as the *Sign's* in *Scorpio*,  
 The Mortal that was in *conjunction*,  
 Looks somewhat like the *Man oth' Moon*  
 That goes off with a *bush* on's back;  
 One cannot say -- it's Eye is *black*:  
 But (as discerning *Authors* say)  
 The *Ground* is *black*, the *Eye* is *gray*,  
 Befitting *Jane* as well as *Cisley*,  
 Whose special mark is, that 'tis *grisley*;  
 Whereby appears (as *Damrose Page* sed)  
 Such things are we'd amongst the *aged*.  
 But be she either *Wife* or *Virgin*,  
 Or *Widow*, 'tis not worth the *urging*:  
 Did you but *know*, you'd not deny her,  
 Who ever brings it to the *Cryer*,  
 Shall have for's pains in coming home,  
 The pleasure to *cover* and *cause*.  
 'Till when the thousandth *Maiden-head*  
 Is to be let unfurnished.

**P I N I S.**

